I would esteeme him worth a dozen such:
But sup them well, and looke vnto them all.
To morrow I intend to hunt againe.

Huntſ. I will my Lord.

Lord. What's heere? One dead, or drunke? See doth he breath?

2. *Hun.* He breath's my Lord. Were he not warm'd with Ale, this were a bed but cold to sleepe so soundly.

Lord. Oh monstrous beast, how like a swine he lyes.
Grim death how foule and loathsome is thine image:
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were conuey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in sweet cloathes: Rings put vpon his fingers:
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And braue attendants neere him when he wakes,
Would not the begger then forget himselfe?

1. *Huntſ.* Beleeue me Lord, I thinke hee cannot choose.

2. *H.* It would seeme strange vnto him when he wak'd,

Lord. Euen as a flat'ring dreame, or worthles fancie.
Then take him vp, and manage well the iest:
Carrie him gently to my fairest Chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures.
Balme his foule head in warme distilled waters,
And burne sweet Wood to make the lodging sweete:
Procure me musicke readie when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heauenly sound:
And if he chance to speake, be ready straight
(And with a low submissiue reuerence)
Say, what is it your honor will command:
Let one attend him with a siluer Bason
Full of rose-water, And bestrew'd with flowers,
Another beare the Ewer: the third a Diaper,
And say wilt please your Lordship coole your hands.
Some one be readie with a costly suite,
And aske him what apparell he will weare:
Another tell him of his Hounds and Horse,
And that his Lady mournes at his disease,
Perswade him that he hath bin Lunaticke,
And when he sayes he is, say that he dreames,
For he is nothing but a mightie Lord:

This do, and doe it kindly, gentle sirs,
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modestie.

1. *Huntſ.* My Lord I warrant you
As he shall thinke by our true dilliger
He is no lesse then what we say he is.

Lord. Take him vp gently, and to
And each one to his office when he w

Sirrah, go see what Trumpet 'tis that
Belike some Noble Gentleman that
(Trauelling some iourney) to repose

Enter Seruingm

How now? who is it?

Ser. An't please your Honor, play
That offer seruice to your Lordship.

Enter players.

Lord. Bid them come neere;
Now fellowes, you are welcome.

Players. We thanke your Honor

Lord. Do you intend to stay with

2. *Player.* So please your Lordship

Lord. With all my heart. This fel
Since once he plaide a Farmers eldest
Twas whtre you woo'd the Gentle
I haue forgot your name: but sure t
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perfor

Sincklo. I thinke 'twas *Soto* that

Lord. 'Tis verie true, thou didst i
Well you are come to me in happie
The rather for I haue some sport in h
Wherein your cunning can assist me
There is a Lord will heare you play
But I am doubtfull of your modestie
Least (ouer-eying of his odde behau
For yet his honor neuer heard a play
You breake into some merrie passion

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